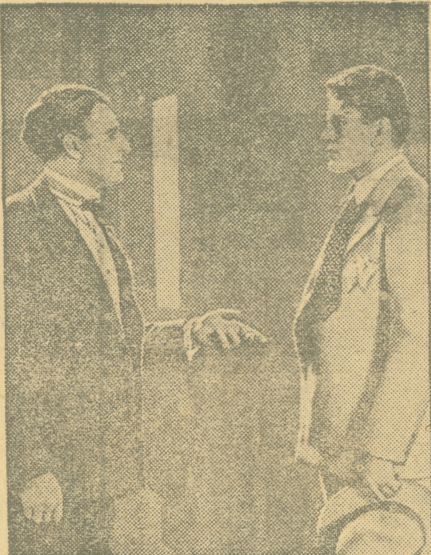


GENE TUNNEY,



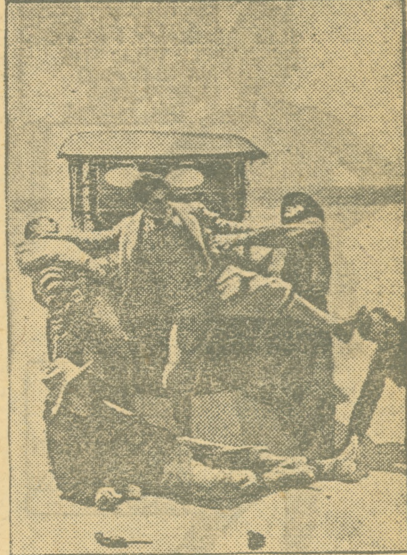
Larry Stuart, who is in charge of the huskies at the attorney's office, recognizes Dick as a buddy of the trenches in the great war, who helped him by carrying through a message when Larry, a motorcycle dispatch rider, lay wounded in a shell hole. He tells the attorney that Dick is the man for the job.



The attorney admits Dick to his office and offers him the position, but Dick insists that he is only a reporter after a story. But when the attorney calls his attention to a beautiful girl sitting in his office and explains that he wants a protector for her, Dick, scenting adventure, accepts the "assignment."



It is explained to Dick that the girl, known as Lady Chatfield, must live in her late grandfather's mansion, located in a hostile mining camp, for six months to receive her inheritance. Dick is then introduced to Lady Chatfield, who rehearses him in the art of manipulating a monocle and other mannerisms of the English lord he is to impersonate.



In the mining camp of Goldbrook, Charles Kellard, engineer in charge of the mine, schemes to keep Lady Chatfield from carrying out the terms of the will, so the property will be turned over to the miners. Dick and Lady Chatfield motor toward Goldbrook. Outside the town they are met by Kellard's huskies and Dick is called upon to fight. (To be continued.)

Turns to Banditry to Wed, Nabbed After 7 Stickups

To obtain funds for his marriage on September 29, Thomas Lipton Bergner, 23, is said to have turned highwayman and perpetrated successfully seven robberies in the last eight days before finally captured as police say he was about to hold up a restaurant at 1822 Kings Highway, Brooklyn, early today.

"Don't ask me the name of the girl who was to be my wife," he cried at the line-up in Brooklyn headquarters. "She comes from a respectable family and I shall never reveal her identity."

According to police Bergner, a well-dressed youth, who lives with his father at 1421 East 10th St., confessed robbing six restaurants and a pedestrian since embarking on his short career of crime.

In escaping from one of the places, a witness noticed that the auto driven by the youth bore two red tail lights, and it was this which led to his arrest early this morning when he drove up to the eating place at 1822 Kings Highway.

Hall and Mrs. Mills Planned Flight

(Continued from Page 10)

in China and who told him so many wonderful things that he longed to go. Mother adored it, too, and often told me about the Orient.

I am sure mother had made up her mind toward the end that she was going to take what was being held out to her—the love of this wonderful man whose love she returned with all her heart and soul—if it was the last thing she did in life.

I turn cold and sick to think it was the last thing, and to think of the frightful way life did end—for both of them.

I can't help believing that before long, if Mr. Hall had lived, he would have gone like a man and made a clean breast of the whole thing to his wife, telling her how he felt respect and friendship for her but not love, and how he did feel love for some one else, and that he would have asked her to let him go.

I believe that if she had refused he would have gone away anyhow—somewhere—and earned his living in some way outside of the church. He could have earned it in lots of ways. And mother and I would have waited somewhere and lived by ourselves and just been happy until things were straightened out, or until we knew they never could be straightened out, and then taken the next step, whatever it might have been. I

wouldn't have cared what it was, so long as I stayed with them.

People may say I am talking wildly, that I don't know, that I am drawing on my imagination. Maybe. But I have talked with my mother more than any one knows. She and I were of one mind. We understood and loved each other, and sympathized. There was only seventeen years difference in our ages. She was like an older sister, like a chum. Even if she hadn't talked to me, confided in me, I would have known what was in her heart.

If the going-away part of the "gossip" had come true, no one in our family would have been surprised. It was in the air.

Did Mrs. Eleanor Mills try to hide her love for the Rev. Edward Hall, or did she feel that there was no shame in their illicit relation? Who slashed the throat of Mrs. Mills after she and her lover had been slain with a pistol? These are only two of the intriguing questions which Charlotte Mills discusses in tomorrow's gripping chapter of her life story. Read The GRAPHIC tomorrow.

Shylock Homes Announces

The GRAPHIC is receiving so many letters daily with solutions of the Hall-Mills murder case that I am constrained to a wait the opening of the trial before continuing to print selected theories which as numbered as received.

The first correct solution that comes to The GRAPHIC will receive \$500. Then additional awards of \$250, \$100, \$50 and \$10 until the \$1,000 is exhausted, the correct solution being based on court findings. None received AFTER OCTOBER 2. Address your letters to SHYLOCK HOMES, 25 City Hall Place, New York city.



Naughty Riquette AT COSMOPOLITAN

On the way for a year, the operetta, "Naughty Riquette," containing the dainty Mitzi, arrived finally in town last night, settling, amid more or less splendor, on the stage of the Cosmopolitan Theater, up in Columbus Circle. This is the operetta which Harry B. Smith wrested from the German of R. Schanzer and E. Welisch and harnessed by the Shuberts to the tunes of Oscar Strauss.



Mitzi

It seems to your playgoer that the most important thing about the show is that it is aided by the services of Stanley Lupino, a Britisher, who belongs to the same family as Lupino Lane, who, in turn, ought to be remembered as the tumbling fellow in the "Follies" two seasons ago. Anyway, this Lupino is very funny indeed, and there were scores who felt sorry that most of his lines in this operetta are very far from that.

Mitzi herself is as nimble and sly as ever, this time, as always, cast as a saucy little girl for whom all things turn out all right. The story of the play is amazingly slender, the best description that occurs here being that it is just about a carbon copy of "Naughty Cinderella."

But it has many moments, and the song, "Naughty Riquette," is a very tuneful thing. The dances, credited to Seymour Felix, are the joy of the show—spirited, original, and altogether captivating. Of these dances, the favorite with the audience seemed to be a wild thing stepped to the song "In Armenia," with this Lupino aforementioned turning agreeably into the wildest man in town. On the whole, it wouldn't be a bad plan to see him for yourself.—W. K.

UNCLE GEORGE SUGGESTS KEEP SMILING CAMPAIGN

By UNCLE GEORGE

I was wondering the other day what would happen if everyone smiled all the time. This would be a wonderful world with cheerfulness on all sides.

There is one way to start this smile campaign and that is to start the day with a smile and keep smiling. If it is impossible to smile all the time, you can at least have a pleasant expression on your face.

Look about you.

How many people do you see

Lonely Hearts

NOTICE—The Lonely Hearts Column serves as a medium through which lonely persons who write to The GRAPHIC may be introduced to congenial companions. No names will be published. Letters accompanied by a reference and enclosing a stamp will be forwarded to the proper parties. If you are lonely, write to this department and watch for your letter to appear in this column. While letters will be exchanged as promptly as possible The GRAPHIC, of course, cannot be responsible when correspondents fail to answer. Address Lonely Hearts Column, New York Evening GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place.

NOT CHEAP—JUST CAREFUL
Lonely Hearts: Surely there must be somewhere in New York an honest-to-goodness home girl who has a little consideration for the fellow who has to work darn hard for a living—yet who is lonesome. I don't want any one to get the impression that I am cheap—for I'm not. I'm just an ordinary chap with an ordinary salary. My age is 26, am 5 feet 7, and fair
BILL.

WIDOWER STEPS OUT
Lonely Hearts: I am a lonesome widower, 35 years of age. Would like to meet some one around my own age—some one with a good disposition. I hold an office position, play the piano, have a neat appearance and enjoy good shows and meeting interesting people.
WALTER.

SHE DOES NOT PET
Lonely Hearts: I am just a wee bit old-fashioned, not given to petting or late hours. I would like to meet a man, Protestant, around 40, who enjoys walking or talking, dancing and outdoor sports. Am not pretty, but have an agreeable disposition.
DOLLY.

LONELY? WRITE TO:—
Antoine, a Frenchman of 40, has everything his heart desires except good friends; wants to hear from both sexes.

Antoinette, 23, attractive, Jewish, has brown hair and eyes; would appreciate sincere friendship.

Raymond, who is so sad and lonely he can hardly stand it; wants to meet a nice little blond girl about 5 feet tall.

Odette, a Frenchwoman, brunette; wishes the friendship of a Protestant gentleman over 40; one who is cultured, serious minded and sincere.

with smiles on their faces? Very, very few. The world seems bathed in sorrow and the hope of remedying it lies with you children.

"Subway Sadie" AT STRAND

By REGINA CANNON

"Subway Sadie," this week's film attraction at the Strand, boasts an imposing cast, a director who is reputed to have a flair for comedy,



Dorothy Mackaill

and a plot that doesn't thicken. In fact, the last named is so thin it's positively anemic. It's the one about the girl falling in love with the poor but ambitious youth, who in this instance is the lowly subway guard.

In the end he's the millionaire's son learning the business from the ground up—from under the ground this time. There's the plot in two sentences, although it takes seven reels of celluloid to unravel it.

We are certain that the picture is a comedy because we heard some one laugh and the sub-titles fairly reek with subtle witticisms, such as: "Is that so?" "Well, you certainly knew more than I did." "Just a minute, Sarah." These several banalities appear whenever the picture goes low on its comedy, which is indeed often.

Even as beer and rye bread were

"taken from the Germans," Director Santall has taken a few kaleidoscopic camera effects from the same source. The young couple walking down the street toward the camera is one of the most conspicuous of these achievements.

Dorothy Mackaill plays Sadie, the girl who hangs in subways, even as you and I. But a good falls for her and she is promoted to a coupe. It is to be deplored that Miss Mackaill, who is one of the prettiest and most capable of movie stars, doesn't get a role worthy of her talents. Indeed, this one is not. Dorothy's greatest natural asset is her fluffy blond hair, which she wears slick to her head in this picture, and the coiffeur proves most trying and unbecoming.

Jack Mulhall is the subway guard and Charlie Murray plays a taxi driver. Both are well cast.

The surrounding program at the Strand this week is unusually good, Vivian Glenn deserving especial mention for her jazzy stepping.

ARMISTICE DAY WEDDING

Miss Elizeth Singer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Merritt Singer of New York, will be married in St. Thomas's Church November 11 to Herbert De Rieux Lancaster.